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MONTHS AND MOODS

A Fifteen Year Calendar

by

EDWARD CURTIS

MONTHS & MOODS
A FIFTEEN-YEAR
CALENDAR



MONTHS AND MOODS

A Fifteen-Year
Calendar

VERSIFIED & DIVERSIFIED

By

EDWARD CURTIS



THE LIBRARY
1903

The Grafton Press

NEW YORK

[1903]

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УРАЖЕЛЛ ЭНТ
ЗАБЫВАЮЩИЙ ТО

PREFACE



Preface

2

If I help you fix a day
So you fail not, nor stray,
If I bring you to a mood
Working ever for the good,
Fulfilled my end !
On your desk or boudoir-table,
Then, in order serviceable
At your elbow let me lie,
For the new-come century
A ready friend !

MONTHS AND MOODS

January

❧

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A Token



Gray are the clouds that gather
When the winter day is done,
Like ghostly monks assembling
For the funeral of the sun ;
And the heart is chill within me
At thought of a life-course run—

*Gray is gloom and gloom is gray,
Frozen tears for dying day
The very skies are weeping !*

But dawns the morrow, golden,
With sun on snow-fields new
Limning the long tree-shadows
In the heavens' own radiant blue,
And with hope, as the sun, new risen,
My heart hails token true—

*Light is life and life is light ;
Day, whose shadows e'en are bright,
My soul is in thy keeping !*

February



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And the Winter Day Dawneth Clear



Sparkle on the snow-fields, sparkle on the trees,
Sparkle on every twiglet that crisps in the breeze,

—Sparkle here, sparkle there,
Sparkle in the very air,

And the winter day dawneth clear.

Sparkle in the quick glance, sparkle in the smile,
Sparkle in the laughter, innocent of guile,

—Sparkle here, sparkle there,
Sparkle though all unaware,

And the merry child maketh cheer.

All the world a-sparkle in the shining day,
And children are we all again: life is play,

—Sparkle here, sparkle there,
Sparkle in the very air,

And the winter day dawneth clear.



Spring

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY



Spring



As when beside some sleeping doe
Two stags in furious combat go
With clashing horns and bated breath
To do for victory or death:
So by the couch of slumbering earth
To battle royal now go forth
Fierce summer's sun and winter's wind,
Each in the panoply of his kind.
And when, the long-drawn struggle o'er,
The sun's bright banner floats before,
Under the conqueror's lusty wiles
The sleeping maiden wakes with smiles.

March

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The Winds



Out into space my thoughts are going,
Going far away
Where through the clouds the winds are blowing,
Blowing all the day.
Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing,
Sing, and thy secret tell !
Cloud, down the far blue going, going,
Ope, let us know thy spell !
Is it a chorus
Blithely sonorous,
Where frolic o'er us
Spirits on high ?
Or is it serious
Summons mysterious,
Where rides th' imperious
Erl-king by ?
—Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing,
Sing, and thy secret tell !

Long through the night while stars are waning,

Waning, I list alone

Where through the trees with sad complaining,

Plaining, the night-winds moan.

Wind, through the tree-tops plaining, plaining,

Soft, and confess thee here !

Tree, while the stars are waning, waning,

Bend, bring the mystery near!

Is it the only

Cry of a lonely

Spirit, that pronely

Sobbeth in dole—

E'en the wild eerie

Low miserere

Wrung from a weary

Doomèd soul ?

—Wind, through the tree-tops plaining, plaining,

Soft, and confess thee here !

But, to my soul athirst for knowing,
 Ever, ah, wellaway,
By cloud and tree the winds a-blowing
 Answer only nay !
Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing,
 Sing, then, song untold !
Cloud, down the far blue going, going,
 Close, and thy secret hold !
 So the eternal
 Power supernal
 Guardeth the journal
 Nature may show :
E'en unto sages
 Conning the ages
Sealed are the pages
 Most they would know.

—Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing,
 Sing, then, song untold !

April

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My Little Pets



I have my little pets, new-born,
And day by day I visit them
Snug in the fenced enclosure, where
Their careful keepers closet them.

I watch them peep, and more and more
Show signs of life's reality.
O winds, be kind and blow not cold,
For tender their vitality !

They feed and sleep, and sleep and feed ;
They grow apace and steadily ;
Their little frames are gathering strength,
They stand up now quite readily.

And so the time—the sunny time—
I realize is nearly here,
When I shall wake, some morn, to learn
The news I've longed for dearly here—

When I shall wake, that is, at call
Of zephyr's whisper, uttering,—
“Come forth, come forth, all o'er the park
“Full-blown the leaves are fluttering !”

May

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Alone, But Lonely Never



A cypress lone on an islet
Lone dotting the glassy mere,
A solitary cygnet
Rippling the waters near ;
O'erhead, a gull long-flapping,
Sole spot against the sky,
And musing by the lakeside
The hermit wanderer, I.

O tree and bird and dreamer,
Though mute to each are we,
In the fellowship of nature
We are kin by life's decree—
Kin as the words of a sermon,
Each in his proper place
By the light of the other's meaning
To make for a common grace!

Then, cygnet, cypress, sea-gull,
By water, land, and sky,
Ye bring me all unknowing
A brother's company.
And so in my woodland rambles
Life-linked with nature ever
I move my way through the sweet spring day
Alone, but lonely never.

Summer

QUEEN OF THE SEASONS



Summer



Come, princess, to the throning !

High rides the sun, the day is long,

Carol the birds in joyous song,

While busily hums the insect-throng,—

Come, princess, to the throning !

Come, princess, to the throning !

Merrily the squirrels, zigzag, play

At hide-and-seek through the woodland way

Where perfumed airs make perfect day,—

Come, princess, to the throning !

She is here, queen of our owning !

Willows lend her flowing hair,

Roses, a blush beyond compare,

While dew-drops crown with diamonds rare,—

She is here, queen of our owning !

June

2

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Like the Fairyland of Dreams

3

Deep in the wildwood musing
I rest at the winsome hour
When twilight, sweet-confusing,
Asserts its sorcerous power.

On a mossy bank I lay me
And list in dreamy thought
While the forest murmurs sway me
To fancies witching-wrought.

And is it the wind through the grasses,
Where the tulip-tree guards the vale,
That in minuet melody passes
On high to the flowers pale?
It comes in sweet cadences, haunting,
As if 'neath the great tree's shade
The gray plumèd grasses were chanting
As swains in serenade—

*Come tread with me the minuet
And in the twilight's leisure
Through woodland pathways sinuate
Daintily trip the measure—
Through woodland pathways sinuate
All in the twilight's leisure
Come tread with me the minuet
Daintily to the measure!*

*See through yon screen arboreous
Where round the moon is rising
Stream now a splendor glorious,
Subtilely solemnizing—
Stream now a splendor glorious
Where round the moon is rising,
Through yonder screen arboreous
Subtilely solemnizing !*

And is it the sough of the zephyr
Through the tulip's tangled gloom
That hints so of harmonies ever
When rustles the satin bloom ?
Sweet harmonies out from the bowers
Where the opening blossoms throng
As it were from the tree's fair flowers
A maiden's answer song—

*Yes ; thralled by nightfall beautiful
Where stars with moon enamour
Make I surrender dutiful
Captivate to the glamour—
Make I surrender dutiful
Where stars with moon enamour
Thrall'd by a nightfall beautiful,
Captivate to the glamour.*

*So 'neath fair Luna's benison
See now with fluttering sally
Flock fast each flower-denizen
Merrily to the rally—
Flock fast each flower-denizen
Forth now with fluttering sally
(Safe 'neath fair Luna's benison)
Merrily to the rally!*

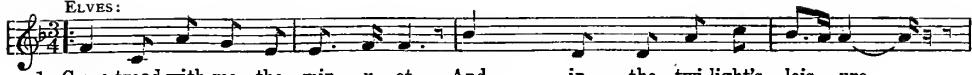
And is it but leaf-shadows glancing
Where moonbeams thwart the tree,
Yon semblance of figures a-dancing
In stately step o'er the lea—
Quaint figures with dignity laden,
Like dancers of long ago
When courtesied the mincing maiden
To the swain's obeisance low ?

*So tread we now the minuet
And in the twilight's leisure
Through woodland pathways sinuate
Daintily trip the measure—
Through woodland pathways sinuate
All in the twilight's leisure
So tread we now the minuet
Daintily to the measure !*

Ah nay, let me cherish the fancy
That sees in the shapes that pass
Those children of night's necromancy,
Flower-fairies and elves of the grass !
For aye by the magic of summer
The moonlit wildwood seems
Alive with enchantment's glamour,
Like the fairyland of dreams !

Fairy Minuet

ELVES:



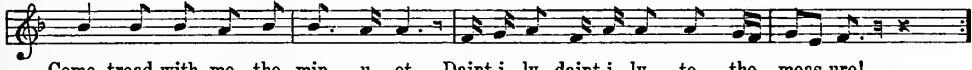
1. Come tread with me the min - u - et And in the twi-light's leis - ure
2. See through yon screen ar - bo - reous Where round the moon is ris - ing



Through woodland pathways sin - u - ate Daint-i - ly, daint-i - ly trip the meas-ure—Yes,
Stream now a splen-dor glo - ri - ous, Sub-tile-ly, sub-tile-ly sol - em - niz - ing—Yes,

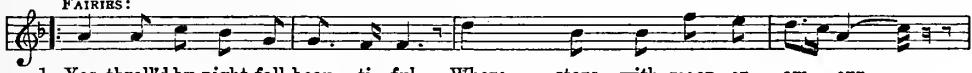


Through woodland pathways sin - u - ate All in the twi-light's leis - ure
Stream now a splen-dor glo - ri - ous Where round the moon is ris - ing

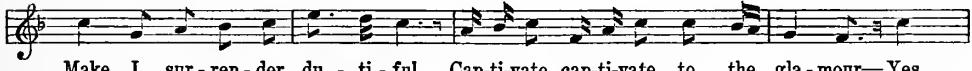


Come tread with me the min - u - et Daint-i - ly, daint-i - ly to the meas-ure!
Through yon-der screen ar - bo - reous Sub-tile-ly, sub-tile-ly sol - em - niz - ing!

FAIRIES:



1. Yes, thrall'd by night-fall beau - ti - ful Where stars with moon en - am - our
2. So 'neath fair Lu - na's ben - i - son See now with flut - t'reng sal - ly



Make I sur - ren - der du - ti - ful, Cap-ti-vate, cap-ti-vate to the gla - mour—Yes,
Flock fast each flow - er den - i - zen, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly to the ral - ly—Yes,



Make I sur - ren - der du - ti - ful Where stars with moon en - am - our
Flock fast each flow - er den - i - zen Forth now with flut - t'reng sal - ly



Thrall'd by a night-fall beau - ti - ful, Cap-ti-vate, cap-ti-vate to the gla - mour!
(Safe 'neath fair Lu - na's ben - i - son) Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly to the ral - ly!

FAIRIES:



ELVES:
So tread we now the min - u - et And in the twi-light's leis - ure



Through wood-land pathways sin - u - ate Daint-i - ly, daint-i - ly trip the meas-ure—Yes,



Through wood-land pathways sin - u - ate All in the twi-light's leis - ure



So tread we now the min - u - et Daint-i - ly, daint-i - ly to the meas-ure!

July

2

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Before the Storm



Gray and lilac and blue,
 Indigo, ashy and brown
The storm-clouds brood o'er the southern sea
 As a crimson sun goes down.
The ocean, underneath,
 Gives back a lurid sheen
As the surges, blanched by a sickening awe,
 Roll olive and yellow and green.

Aghast, the breezes hush
 And stealthily slinks the tide,
And the very crabs i' the ebbing wave
 Down-quivering cower and hide.
Naught moves by sea and sky
 Save the billows' bated roll,
Naught sounds but the ripples' smothered sigh
 And a distant thunder-toll.

The heavy air is thick
 With the taint of the lightning's breath,
And a shuddering silence cringing waits
 The leap of the jagged death.
O hurricane, come in thy might !
 Roll, thunder, and torrent, pour !
For the hush that heralds the storm-king's rage
 Out-horrors the tempest's roar !

August

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By the Moon's Command



I wandered wide by ocean's shore,
The tide was falling, falling ;
My heart was chill with sorrow's ill,
The sad sea-birds were calling ;

*And the waters went wailing down the strand—
And the waters went wailing down the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The waters went wailing down the strand.*

I stood by the verge of the level floor,
The tide was turning, turning,
A sparkle new on the glad sea grew,
My wakened soul was yearning ;

*And the ripples came romping up the strand—
And the ripples came romping up the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The ripples came romping up the strand.*

They chased me back to the rolling dunes,
The tide was rising, rising,
In hope's high grace I turned my face
To meet the spray's baptizing ;
And the combers came curling up the strand—
And the combers came curling up the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The combers came curling up the strand.

I gazed in thrall at the wave-platoons,
The tide was flooding, flooding ;
A victory-roar filled all the shore,
White banner-clouds went scudding ;
And the billows came booming up the strand—
And the billows came booming up the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The billows came booming up the strand.

I wandered wide by ocean's shore,
My heart was flooding, flooding ;
With rushing tide swept manhood's pride
O'er the ebb of coward brooding.

*And the surges came sounding up the strand—
And the surges came sounding up the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The surges came sounding up the strand.*

Autumn

EVENING OF THE YEAR

Autumn



Maples in crimson and tulips in yellow :
Great oaks in russet and green gold mellow :
Birches, white shining their lace-veils through,
And high over all the deep distance in blue.

Over the hillside, down in the dell
Where sleeps the still pool 'neath the waterfall's spell,
With bonnets broad waving a serried sheen
Hosts of the lotus in silver and green.

And winter-loosed, where through the fluttering trees
Passes the kiss of the frost-lipped breeze,
Children to mother's breast safe cuddled down,
Soft on earth's bosom her leaf-brood brown.

Nature, thus ever when eve follows day
Thou deck'st thyself gayest, as maidens may,
Then maiden-like under a mantle of white
Lay'st thee to rest with a pleasant good-night !

September



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The Golden-Rod



The golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow,
Heigh-ho, the shortening day !

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow
Comes the plumed array.

In camp by the meadow, on guard by the roadway,
Marshaled by lane and by lea,
Lined in parade where straight runs the broadway,
Lo, the tall rangers, free !

And the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow,
Heigh-ho, the shortening day !

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow
Comes the plumed array.

What do they here in this hour of our sorrow,
Uniformed all so gay?

Summer is waning—dies on the morrow,
Morrow, September's day.

What do they here? Why, 'tis Nature's intending,
When passes summer's bier,

That crowned as with sunshine from bright sky descending
Ever the escort appear.

So the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow,
Heigh-ho, the shortening day!

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow
Comes the plumed array.

The golden-rod blooms, and a peace that is tender
(Heigh-ho, life's autumn-tide !)

Comes to my heart with the hallowing splendor
Flooding from meadows wide.

Let Azriel beck, but a glory supernal
Falls where his angels wait :

Fear not to go where by order eternal
Beautiful shines the gate !

And the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow
Heigh-ho, the shortening day !

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow
Comes the plumed array.

October



1901

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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1902

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1903

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1904

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1905

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1906

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1907

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1908

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1909

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1910

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1911

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1912

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1913

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1914

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1915

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An Oak-Leaf in October



An oak-leaf in October :
Dark russet now where erst was green,
But, traced in gold, each rib and vein
Distinct on background sober.

Life's story, oft and olden !
Upon a withered record-leaf
A writ of faith through woe and grief
Ashine in letters golden.

November

2

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Now is the Glory of the Pines



Now is the glory of the pines !

Through summer's green and autumn's gold
Scorned in their sombre garb of old,
Bide they their time by glade and wold—

Now is the glory of the pines !

Now is the glory of the pines !

November skies are chill and gray :
Moaning, the oaks and maples gay
Yield to the north-wind's withering sway—

Now is the glory of the pines !

Now is the glory of the pines !

For now, full-robed where woods are bare,
A majesty unchallenged there
The constant evergreens declare—

Now is the glory of the pines !

Winter

SLEEP OF THE EARTH-MOTHER

Winter



Winter is here. The golden-threaded veils
That erstwhile rustled on the woodland slopes
Are rent and gone. By touch of frost transformed,
No more, then, blush the trees as maidens coy,
But now in armor, rugged, gaunt and grim
As yeomen frown. With warning arms upflung
So guard they, jealous, that hushed couch of white
Where through long days, till Spring brings travail new,
Sleeps the Earth-Mother, ward of children true.

December

❧

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What is Writ in Ember-Glow



Delight, on brand and cinder-heap,
To witch the sparks that twinkling creep,
Till all their ways with cunning deep
 Conspire

And blazon on each glowing glede
A runic rime, which they may read
Who hold their faith in fairy-creed

 Entire.

Weird runes by elfin fingers wrought !
Weird rimes, that aye with wisdom fraught
Aye to a happier, holier thought

 Inspire !

Then would'st thou, friend, when lamps be low,
The lesson of the firelight know
And what is writ in ember-glow

 Inquire,

Be but of faith and fix thy gaze
Where creep the sparks adown the blaze,
And lo, these lines in living rays

 Of fire :—

When early falls the winter e'en
And ways be dark and winds be keen,
Then hearthwards all with happy mien

 Draw nigher !

With bustle gay and merry cheer
Heap mighty logs and fagots gear,
So to a goodly measure rear

The pyre !

Then ply with steel the stubborn flint,
Deal blow on blow with clashing dint
Till leaps the sparklet's wingèd glint—

Afire !

And when the flames upspringing throw
On ruddy faces ruddier glow,
Away with every thought and show

Of ire !

Oh, let the warmth your bosoms fill
And wake to life love's hallowing thrill ;
So from your hearts shall thought of ill

Retire !

And be the pure, e'er towering flame
Your emblem of a life's true aim—
To lofty deeds and spotless name

Aspire !

And so through all life's chequered way,
By home in hut or castle gray,
Through weal or woe, as fortune may

Require,

Hold hallowèd, ye, forevermore,
By chimney-side on earthen floor,
The leaping flame, the crackling roar—

The fire !

IV 11 1903

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